

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

GIFTS

*We are receiving gifts each day
From Unseen Hands that o'er our way
In benedictions softly sent
Add to our gladness and content.
The sunshine and the warbling bird,
The daisy and the apple bough,
The springtime zephyr gently stirred
Go lay in blessing on our brow;
The far champaigns of living green,
The hills deep peopled with old trees—
Still from the loving hands unseen
Such gifts, such precious gifts, as these.
The dawn, the twilight of the spring,
The infinite beauty of the land—
For these lift up the voice and sing,
For these look up and kiss his hand!*

—Selected

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The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM, EDITOR

VOL. XLI

JUNE 1919

No. 6



For summer rain, and winter's sun,
For autumn's breezes, crisp and sweet;
For labors doing, to be done,
And labors all complete;
For April, May, and lovely June,
For bud, and bird, and berried vine;
For joys of morning, night, and noon,
My thanks, dear Lord are Thine.

—John Kendrick Bangs.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

And in the reconstruction age that shall succeed the war, mankind must keep and confidently rely upon these ideal agencies which, with too facile tongues, some call failures. Education, fraternalized commerce, social idealism, international law, and Christianity—these are not ready for the discard. They are humanity's great hope. This war is not so much an occasion for despair concerning them, as it is a challenge to a better understanding and a finer use of them.

—Fosdick in *The Challenge of the Present Crisis*.

To this "challenge of the present crisis" comes the answer spoken and lived by our better selves, loyalty to our high ideals, and faith in our God and His work. Such faith stands undaunted by war, or discouragement, or alleged failure. It rises, rather, to the promotion of such educational movements as Mrs. Dennett calls to our minds. In pride and gratitude we thank God that *we* are a part of the united body that undertakes this great opportunity, and in hopefulness and prayer we turn again to God, that He may bless these efforts, and through them uplift and cheer our sister nations.

While we watch our opportunities of spreading education in these countries of the east, we can but be thankful for the consecration of the lives of our American girls; and then of such friends among the "natives" as those whose pictures we see this month, friends who in turn have been drawn to the remaking of India by our missionaries and by those very forces—education, social idealism and Christianity—which are meeting the "challenge of the present crisis."

We are hearing these days of the return of our boys from the front. With welcome and with joy they are being greeted. Miss Mosher's notes give us a glimpse of the impulsive and enthusiastic welcome that is being extended to them as they come back to America. It gives us a hint, as well, of what the home-coming means to families and friends—now a glow of happiness, now a joy in the sacrifice of service—now the deep heartache which unites the willingness of sacrifice with the personal sorrow which comes to the few amid the throngs of the rejoicing. No, this greeting is not a thing of the moment; it tells of the manner in which the boys are to be taken back into homes and the homeland. Yet we might forget the reception which the soldiers of some lands are to find. Reprinted from the September issue of "Carry On," the HELPER tells of the interest that comes from a number of workers in India, an interest that means promotion in yet another way of the "ideal agencies" to which Dr. Fosdick refers, because with the gift the self is given.

From the papers of our much loved editor of the HELPER, we have a "June Song," a cheery message for the coming summer.

JUNE SONG BY HOPESTILL FARNHAM



The snow of winter was harvested
And melted away in the brown earth's bin,
To quicken the sod with the ardent
shower

Of April-time, when the sleeping flower
And the dormant river and brook begin
To awake to the touch of a stately tread,
And the blue shines brighter overhead.

The meadow smiled to herself when May
Rippled across her sodden surface;
But the brooks, bubbling over with
laughter

Came chattering, rollicking after,
When June had beckoned with winsome
grace;

The hollows blossomed, and far away
The hills grew beautiful day by day.

Then was joy indeed!
The world was a-hush
To hear the thrush,
On the swaying bough,
Who could tell you how,
In his jubilant notes,
'Twas June, 'Twas June.
And his merry screed
Was mocked and echoed,
In many a tune,
From a hundred throats
In the happy June.

If June has come to the world, what then?
Does it matter much in the daily life?
Is the heart aware of a higher duty
When earth takes on a deeper beauty?

Does it turn from the petty war and strife,
From the marvels fresh from the hands of
men,

To the miracle wrought by God again—

In the bursting bud and the tiny nest,
In the thunder's roar and the lightning's
flash,

In nights when the stars are thickly shin-
ing

In the dark above, with the fireflies lin-
ing

The dusk below; or the swift, sharp dash
Of rain on the roof, or the golden crest
Of cumulous clouds in the glowing west?

We are all so rich at this time of year—

Owners of woodland and air and sky;

The buttercups coin us gold in the grass,

The dew drops diamonds as they pass,

The buildings of our domain are high

As nests in the treetops!—the songs we hear
By rarest singers that ever appear.

Now is joy indeed!
The world is a-hush
To hear the thrush
On the swaying bough,
Who can tell you how,
In his jubilant notes,
'Tis June, 'tis June.
And his merry screed
Is mocked and echoed,
In many a tune,
From a hundred throats
In the happy June.



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH OUR TEACHERS THROUGH MISS GOWEN'S INTRODUCTION



GROUP OF KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS, BALSORE, INDIA

Seated in front are three teachers of Brahmin blood.

Komoline is the girl seated at the left. It was her sister, Mirinalene, who won the Dorcas Smith medal in 1911.

The girl wearing the garland is Sorojini Mohaptra, who has been teaching with our missionaries for six or seven years.

Standing, the second from the right, is Biraj, a sister of Pastor Probodh Nayok. She is a fine teacher and woman.

Kamini, who is standing at the right, is a Santal and sweeper mixture, an Orphanage girl. She is one of the brightest and best of teachers, and the mother of a dear and attractive twelve-year-old son. Her husband was my cook four and a half years, and it would take a long time to tell all of Modon's good qualities.

THE GIFT

ABBIE H. FAIRFIELD

At Greenacre, some years ago, were gathered men of many nations, many races and many faiths, for conference upon religious, ethical and sociological topics. Naturally there were many varieties of opinion, and conference sometimes became controversies. A Swami from India, black, but with fine, clear cut features, tall, straight figure, and straight and clear-cut mind, grew interested, beyond the usual limit of India's calm, in an argument with a professor from Sweden. It became almost a battle of words, and friends of both men, in the audience, began to feel a little uneasy lest the Greenacre motto, "Peace" be violated. The Swedish professor had a little son who was very sick; to get a nurse was almost impossible; father and mother were worn out. The morning after the heated argument, all about the grounds one was saying to another, "The Swami sat up with the Professor's child last night." "Have you heard? The Swami took care of Professor S.'s baby last night, and the baby is better." The man who could not yield his belief to another gave gladly of his time, his strength, his love, where there was need.

In Naples, by the blue sea, in a beautiful home, was a lady, helpless, deformed, able to be moved only from her bed to her couch by the window, and back again. Some days extreme pain prostrated her absolutely. When release from pain came, any friend, any religion, any peasant boy or girl, who was in trouble and needed help or advice, or who was sad and needed cheer and courage, was welcome in her quiet room, and she gave, not only advice and cheer and help, but her very self, the life of her buoyant, trustful spirit, gave without reserve, with no thought of saving her strength.

A busy detective, a woman, used many hours of her valuable time in working out, with youthful evil-doers, not criminals, but young people who might become criminals, a probation system of her own, which wrought help and healing in many lives. She would undertake no case without the promise that, if she found the guilty person, she herself should decide whether he be prosecuted, or taught and trained, and helped. To this work she gave without grudging, time, strength, and vitality. Of the results of her work there could be no measure.

Two of these stories are fact; the third is fiction; all are true. And the moral? It is all through the stories—just as in Lowell's poem of the hungry leper; with thy gift, large or small, give thyself, and it is a true gift to God and man.

The President's Message



ON BIBLE READING

The Bible is the word of life. I beg that you will read it and find that out for yourselves,—read, not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will find it full of real men and women not only, but also of the things you have wondered about and been troubled about all your life, as men have been always; and the more you read the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not, what things make men happy,—loyalty, right dealing, speaking the truth, readiness to give everything for what they think their duty, and, most of all, the wish that they may have the approval of the Christ, who gave everything for them,—and the things that are guaranteed to make men unhappy,—selfishness, cowardice, greed and everything that is low and mean.

When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own duty.

WOODROW WILSON.

ADVENTURES OF FAITH

By Lena Fenner Dennett

The Baptist enterprises of the present hour are so tremendous and so splendid that it is a joy for us its constituents to become conversant with them. The Inter-Church World Movement at home has been preceded and prepared for by the spirit and achievements of union in the far east. This sketch would call attention to four of these union enterprises in which our W. A. B. F. M. S. has a worthy part.

In January 1913 a garden party was held on the lawn of the Baptist Mission home in Madras, India, where one month later I was entertained. Seventy guests were present on this occasion—British, American, and Indian. On one side the lawn the men played tennis and on the other charming Indian girls poured tea and served cakes from pretty tea tables. Soon the business of the hour was entered upon, namely, plans for the founding of the first Woman's Christian College in South India, to serve 70,000,000 women in the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay. This was the first great united effort of the women of the Christian world for the higher education of the women of India. Talk of this was in the air when our party arrived in Madras—an inspiring probability.

In time the necessary action was gained from the field and the Boards at home, and in July 1915 the College opened with an tentering class of forty, Christians and Hindus, in a rented Mohammedan residence. During this first year a valuable and desirable property came on the market—ten acres on the banks of the river in the most beautiful residence section of Madras. On the very day that it became available at \$20,000 with no means of purchase in sight, a letter from America was received announcing a gift of \$25,000 for Madras Woman's Christian College. So the second year (1916) of college life was begun with seventy-two students on its own campus in an old historic mansion. Strangely enough this property is situated on College Road, a street that

had never known a college. The faculty consists of Miss Eleanor McDougall of the London University as president, three other women from Great Britain, three from America, and two Indian women teachers. In 1918 the first graduating class of thirteen received their B. A. degree from the Madras University.

When we recall that only one per cent of Indian women can read and write, we can readily understand the value and need of competent women teachers to lift the girls of the coming generations out of illiteracy and the superstition that accompanies it.

Some of these graduates are entering the new Union Medical College at Vellore, India, a three hour journey south-west of Madras, which opened its doors August 1918. Out of sixty-nine applicants, eighteen passed the qualification tests for the entering class. This is the second union effort which we note. For the millions of women unreached by government men physicians there are in all India one hundred women physicians. It is evident that great numbers suffer and die without medical aid. Because of child marriage and pre-mature motherhood the out-standing medical need of the world is for women physicians for the women of India. The government of India has given one hundred and ten acres of land and half the support of the school. Baptist women of America have given \$50,000 for the first building. In the meantime the first class is carrying on its work in a rented house. Miss Belle Aller, Methodist, and Miss Ida Scudder, Dutch Reform, are on the faculty.

The third interest is our Ginling College, Nanking, China. Never shall I forget the contagious enthusiasm of one of our young Baptist Missionaries as we met her on the train (October 1913) just returning from a committee meeting, the purport of which had been the consideration of the establishment of a Woman's Christian College for Central China. Her consuming, bubbling enthusiasm, infected and inspired us all, and added greatly to the interest of our visit to Nanking. China has always valued education for her sons but is only just awakening to its value for her daughters.

Ginling College, which became a reality in 1915, ministers to five provinces with a population of 111,000,000, more than all in the United States. Nanking has been from time immemorial the center of the litterati or educated class. In the literary atmosphere of this ancient city where is also a mer's Christian University began Ginling College taking its name from the classic name of the city.

The entering class of nine were from as many cities, while the 1918 class of fifty-three came from twenty-eight cities with different dialects. To make themselves understood one with another English is used! Again, a hired house—a Chinese official's residence—is the first home of the college. It has beautiful gardens, wisteria and rose arched paths, a willow bordered pond and lotus pool, rare shrubs and hardy flowers, and in the midst a pavilion used as a gymnasium and tea-house by turns. But on high ground within the walls of Nanking, looking away to Purple Mountain, a plot of twenty-seven acres has been secured for the permanent home of the college, and plans laid for a series of suitable buildings. An Arbor Day has already been held and the future campus adorned with young trees.

Mrs. Lawrence Thurston of Mt. Holyoke, is Ginling's president. It is believed that better leaders for the future of China can be trained here than in any college outside China. Ginling will graduate its first class of five members this year (1919). And the degrees will be conferred by the regents of the University of the State of New York through the University of Nanking. These will be the first women of China to receive the B. A. degree for work done in China. Five Boards unite in Ginling.

Next to the youngest of these union enterprises is in Japan, in the city of Tokio, that teeming metropolis of the Orient, and greatest student center in the world. Just one year ago (April 1918) a Japanese girl traveled all the way from Dairen through Manchuria, Korea and Japan in order to go to school in her own country. She was one of the eighty-four in the entering class in the first woman's college in Japan. Though achieving the distinction of a world power and progressing amazingly

politically, commercially, and educationally—for its sons, Japan seems to have forgotten its daughters. And other than a private school and two Normal Schools it has nothing in the way of higher education to offer them. That the women want such opportunities is evidenced by the fact that large numbers are turned away every year from the crowded Normal Schools, and by the hundreds who apply to the Imperial University only to be refused.

Now the much “longed-for, hoped-for, prayed-for, and worked-for” Women’s Christian College is a fact, and the women of Japan have an institution all their own. Its first home is a leased (three years) property which it is already out-growing. Plans are laid for Japan to furnish the land and America and Canada the buildings for its permanent home. As soon as this became known a gift—the first—was received from the mother of one of its students in appreciation of this privilege offered her daughter for the larger life. Six Boards co-operate in this union.

The studies in all these institutions are carried on in English, as text books and consulting libraries do not exist in the native languages. In all four colleges the Christian Gospel is strongly stressed, and Y. W. C. A.’s, prayer groups, and Bible classes form a part of the daily life. All of these undertakings are young and their needs great, but great too are the resources and the faith of the Christian Church. How glad and how proud we are to be a part in these great “Adventures of Faith!”

(The writer acknowledges indebtedness to Baptist publications.)

“A match can set a world on fire. It is not a question of whether you are big enough, but have you got the fire?”

You cannot work well, unless you stop working sometimes and pray. You cannot pray well unless you stop praying sometimes to work.”

“Consecrate means to make wholly sacred. The gift of the first fruits means the gift of the entire harvest.”

DIVINE FRAGMENTS

Even India has Begun to Salvage its Man Power.

By Elizabeth West

Anyone can understand why Great Britain should undertake the re-education of her disabled soldiers; why should she not, being so honorably eager to pay the debt she owes them? No one wonders that France does whose new soul cries out to her men for a continuation of that high courage. We all agree that our own democracy, to be true to itself, must see to it that our maimed soldiers have every opportunity to develop their untried capabilities. Even Germany, obviously, must redeem every man to his greatest efficiency, if her abominable program is to be carried out. But that India should have a school for her disabled soldiers—that, now is marvelous.

Because if all her sons who return incapacitated, took to begging, what difference could that make to her? Already of her three hundred millions, five millions are mendicants—most of them able-bodied. If they had all returned blind, their condition would have caused no comment. Already she has half a million blind uncared for. If they had all died, she would have had plenty left. Losing eighty-seven thousand by plague in April of this year scarcely reduced her number. In few places in the world is life held so undemocratically cheap as in India—so cheap that one life in every four ends before its second year is finished.

Sometimes, looking over my school of sweet little outcasts, whom Indians consider "unteachable" I have said to myself that the growing appreciation of the value of the individual began when the great Teacher said, "Take heed that ye undervalue not one of these little ones." However that may be, I know that the spirit of India is as remote as possible from that of the great American woman who, having gathered together the first group of sub-normal children, exclaimed, "Behold the church of the Divine Fragments!"

A Millionaire's Estate

If that woman had seen the Queen Mary's Technical School for Disabled Soldiers, in Bombay, she would have recognized in Lady Willingdon, its founder, a leader of her own kind. In a great verandahed building, lent by a millionaire's estate, it stands back from a khaki colored road—khaki, indeed, is the Indian word for the dust of the earth—in a khaki colored garden of dusty potted palms. By day, when the sun burns down upon it, and the flow of automobiles and ox-carts which pass it, a terrible place it seems. But when evening comes, and the beautiful women of the Parsees, the descendants of old Persian sun worshippers, fill the street, some taking their airing in expensive autos, some in gorgeous carriages, then Bombay is neither terrible nor commonplace.

Instead of a blue sky above, one sees through acacia trees—lightly leaved and heavily podded, a soft mauve dome, in which great silver stars are twinkling. Then, at Queen Mary's School, in the spicy noisy darkness of the city, sitting cross-legged, bare-headed on their cots, two hundred men, some lame, some maimed, some blind, all tired by their day's new work, gurgle and pull away at their water pipes, listening to each other's yarns—two hundred men who fought for us! Divine Fragments!

These few of India's large number of disabled, marched away from homes of various conditions; from wheat fields of the north, from rice fields in the central parts, from jute fields in Bengal, from Madras cotton fields, from tea plantations in the foot-hills * * * from near everlasting snows, where shepherds carry their lambs in their bosoms, in the folds of their coarse brown blankets—from everlasting heat, in which one loin cloth is too much clothing. Many came from villages in which not one man could read or write.

The Diversity of India

Among them are curly bearded Sikhs, of Samson-like vows and strength. * * * * Some small olive-skinned, slanting eyed Gurkhas re-

mind me of the Gurkha veteran who for years acted as watchman in a mission bungalow in the Himalayas in which I spent a holiday. When I said to him, "I want you to tell that impertinent stranger not to pass this verandah again," he replied calmly, "I have already told him that. Shall I now kill him?"

Hairy Pathans from Afganistan frontiers work with Rajputs who trace their descent directly back past Adam to the Sun. Here are men who cut off their enemies' head with one stroke of the outer edge of their curved knives; * * * * —men who fight with long knives, short knives, revolvers, machine guns, bombs, grenades, airplanes in deserts or in ice * * * * low caste men, high caste men—the diversity of India.

Most of these were unable to read or write when they entered the army. * * * * Their army training has given them an assurance, an experience which makes them leaders, almost kings, in the open-mouthed groups of their townsmen who gather to listen to their tales of other worlds. Moreover, in India, as in the rest of the world, men of strength conquer in spite of handicaps. For years we have had as our punkah coolie a legless man whose trunk is terribly twisted and deformed. While our neighbors are being driven to desperation by the laziness of their punkah coolies, this faithful servant pulls the rope of our fan with the regularity of a machine. * * * *

Judging by this man, and others I have known, I have no doubt that the men now in training will soon be able to earn, as many of the school's "graduates" are now doing, salaries ranging from six to thirty-two dollars a month. Not much of an income, you say. But consider that the average yearly income in India is generally computed to be nine dollars a year—sometimes much less. Some of them are getting instruction in scientific agriculture, in India where wheat is cultivated and threshed by hand, as it was when David was King of Israel. Others are learning poultry raising, hatching Leghorns and Minorcas by incubators. They must enjoy this, remembering how in their childhood their mothers, not so scientifically as lovingly, adorned for them little white hens, dyeing one wing pink, one blue, and the tail a lovely green.

All Sorts of Trades

Some are learning tailoring. To be real tailors they must sit cross-legged before a little hand machine on the floor, and learn to stick their needles in the top of their turbans. These men are easily placed in satisfactory positions with their own regiments, or in the army clothing department. Several are being taught to drive cars, a work much in demand now in the mechanical transport service, and one which after the war will be in constant demand among civilians.

In government dockyards, ordnance factories and arsenals, as turners, fitters, engine drivers and machine men, they find more positions waiting than they can fill. In most of the newly-risen industrial centers committees have been formed to see that disabled men find suitable work in workshops and factories. There are classes also in motor mechanics—surely a popular one,—in carpentering, motion picture operating, elementary engineering and machine knitting. * * * *

While in the school the men are provided food, bedding, clothing free, and railway fare to and from their homes. Many of them, upon leaving, are given the tool required in the new trade.

“Repent and Be Like Him”

I believe that these men going back to their home towns will do India as great a service as they did when in the trenches they held back her hideous enemy. Slouchiness, shiftlessness and laziness are going to be very much out of style in their presence. “Look you, now,” our cook says to her idle son when he asks for money—“Consider that poor Jivan Shah! No legs he has—no neck—one arm. Does he ask for money? All day long he works—the most honored man in the compound. Eat shame awhile! Repent and be like him!” Disabled men doubtless need our help. But let them think how desperately this world needs theirs, since it cannot live by bread alone.

Is anything so desired among us as the inspiration of beautiful living? “Ho, ho!” I hear some one of the wounded say. “Having given our bodies for the worthless lot you are, is there something more

that we owe you?" Yes, I say, I fear there is. Kipling expresses it perfectly in his most perfect and least known story—"Knife and Naked Chalk"—in the volume "Rewards and Fairies"—a story worth committing to memory. The flint-worker has given an eye for the salvation of his people, and in the bitterness of his heart he complains to his mother that the people in their admiration deny his humanity, and call him a god. He says, "What is to be done to the people who say I am Tyr?" She replies, "He who has done a god-like thing must bear himself like a god. I see no way out of it. The people are your sheep until you die. You cannot drive them off." The mother was right. We all need the unconscious shepherding of heroes. Desperately we need it.

—From *Carry On*, September, 1918.

HOW THE KINGDOM CAME

The door of the church stood widely open. Many people were going into the church to pray. And the Lord Jesus stood in the doorway and with a keen, piercing eye looked into the faces and into the souls of those who would have passed within. And to some He spoke in sadness and disappointment, and to some with stern rebuke, and His own soul seemed to be oppressed at the many whom He must bid to turn back.

But to some He spoke with a sound of intense gladness in His voice—a gladness that seemed to shine with a lustrous light through His eyes and from the depths of His soul, as He bade them enter and seek the Father's blessing.

And He questioned those who would have passed within. Of one He asked: "Have you thought of my people in Japan, and China, and India, and Africa, and South America, and Porto Rico, who are like

sheep scattered without a shepherd, among whom the wolves of superstition and idolatry, and infidelity and agnosticism have come? And have you given anything out of your life, and any adequate part of your possessions, to help to gather them into the fold of my Kingdom?"

And the man replied, "No, Lord; I have been very busy. My business has been growing of late and it has demanded all my time, and absorbed all my thought, and utilized all my capital, and tied up all my possessions, and I have had no time for thought, of those people so far away."

And the Lord said: "Go back to your business and to your possessions and pray to them; they are your gods. You are not ready to pray to the Lord God Jehovah."

And another essayed to enter the church, of whom the Lord Jesus asked the same question: "Have you considered my people in other lands who know nothing of me? And have you consecrated any part of your life to service in their behalf? And have you given any portion of your possessions to help in leading them to the Father's house?"

And she answered: "Yes, I have thought a little about them. Our pastor spoke of them in his sermon last Sunday and asked us to give something to help in sending the gospel to them. I know nothing of them other than what the pastor said in his sermon, for I have no delight in studying of them. But I gave ten dollars to help to carry the gospel to them." And she was dressed in costly furs; and the rustle of dainty silk accompanied all her movements; and diamonds sparkled on her fingers; and a golden chain hung about her neck; and she had stepped from a costly equipage; and she would have passed by the Lord in the doorway, and with a scornful toss of her head she would have entered the church. For the Lord appeared to her a very lowly, humble person and she knew Him not.

But the Lord transformed Himself before her, and His attitude became stern, majestic. And He said to her: "Go back to your spacious home, and to your gold and your diamonds, and to your costly furs and to your handsome equipage. These are your gods; go back and pray to

them; you are not ready to pray to the Lord God Jehovah."

And again another came—a woman poorly dressed, and the marks of toil were on her hands, and the lines of struggle had drawn themselves across her brow, but her feet tripped gladly to the house of her Lord.

And the Lord questioned her also, and with the same question: "Have you remembered the millions of my unfortunate, lost ones in Porto Rico and Japan and elsewhere? And have you given of your life and of the income of your toil, that they, too, might know and feel a Father's love?"

And her face lost its lines of care; and her bent form straightened; and her love betrayed itself in a beautiful smile as she answered, "Yes, Lord, every day I have remembered them, and prayed for them. And every day out of my earnings have I set aside my full tithe for them; for, oh, my Father's love has helped me so much that I want all the world to know of it."

And the Lord's face was transformed into a beautiful radiator of light; and He spoke to her, with a wonderful love shining from His eyes, "Oh, woman, you have solved the problem of the world's greatest need! Enter in and pray, for the Lord God Jehovah waits to hear and answer your prayer."

And still another came, only to meet the same question: "Do you know that my people beyond the seas languish and die without knowing the path that leads home to the Father's house? And have you given ought of your full, strong life, and ought of your possessions, to carry my Word to them?"

And the answer rang with joy, and it seemed to those who stood by like a response to the determinate purpose of the cross of Calvary. And the answer said: "Lord Jesus, I have offered all my life for those your people; I have opened my heart to love them; I have trained my intellect to teach them of Thee; I have prayed for wisdom and power to lead them to Thee, and I am going to tell them of Thee."

And now the Lord, standing in the doorway of the church, was

transfigured before them all, and the joy of Heaven filled the place, and He said: "Come, let us go in together, for the Father is waiting to give you wisdom and power, and to pour His love into your soul, and to fill your life with the best that heaven possesses."

And they two went in together, and they found the woman who had tithed her little all for the sake of her love for her Lord, and for her love for His lost people, and they three stood together before the altar of prayer, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and the church was radiant with the glory of it, and all heaven was glad and the angels of God sang round about the throne, and the busy business man came into the church and kneeled before the Lord and craved forgiveness and consecrated both his business and his wealth to his Lord's supervision; and the woman entered and cast her diamonds, and her wealth at her Lord's feet and prayed that He would take her selfishness out of her life. And they all went out from the altar and from the church, out where humanity was dying for the want of knowledge of God's power and love, and they served God there, and the world learned and rejoiced, and lo, the Kingdom of God had come.

—The Christian Missionary.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

We appreciate the co-operation of our readers in sending back copies of the January issue. The deficiency is well provided for.

There is little new to say in regard to the financial end of THE HELPER. Much that has been said at other times could be pertinently repeated and emphasized. Our readers will, without doubt, be given the opportunity to read much of it again in the coming issues.

This last month the one thing that has taken precedence of all else in Boston has been the coming home of the boys. Whistles have blown themselves hoarse, bells have rung themselves cracked, flags have waved themselves to shreds, and people have shouted till they had no voice left, welcoming them back. I had the wonderful privilege of going down the

harbor on one of the boats sent by the city to welcome the returning transports, and escort them into dock. We left the pier in the gray dawn of a cold, foggy morning. There was little talking on board our boat. Most of the passengers were the immediate relatives of the boys expected, and feeling was tense. The band played patriotic airs, and some of the younger folks sang. A grandmother tried to interest the year-old baby in her arms in "Daddy who was coming, and whom he had never seen." A father and mother wondered "if Eddie would look just the same."

For two hours we floated around the entrance to the harbor. And the gray clouds were yielding to a gorgeous sunrise, the captain shouted, "There she is." We could see nothing with the naked eye, but through field glasses we descried the phantom of a huge ship. Slowly and majestically she steamed toward us. One could have heard a pin'drop. I know I heard the beating of the young bride's heart who stood beside me. Then came a crash of the band, a flutter of flags, and we were close beside the immense boat swarming with khaki-clad lads. Our little boat steamed slowly around the great ship, while boys and their friends hunted for familiar faces. "Oh, Pa," called a boy with face like the morning, as he stretched out both arms to a man near me. And the man answered eloquently across the intervening water, pointing to the women near by, "There's Ma."

The grandmother and baby did not find "Daddy." We trust he will come on a later ship, but no one can tell.

A few nights later, I met some of the boys at a supper given for them. They were boys I knew well, that is, I had known them well a few months before, as good-hearted, patriotic young fellows. They came back, serious men. Said one to me when I spoke of the change, "We are different. One could not know what we have known, and be the same." In all that I saw the change was from lesser to greater manhood. General Edwards was right when he said that to the boys who had saved democracy in France, we could safely entrust the future of democracy in America.

We had the big parade, I watched it from the mayor's reviewing stand. Regiment after regiment passed amid the shouts of the biggest crowd ever gathered in Boston. Some had kept their places since the dusk of the night before. The automobiles carrying the wounded took twenty minutes to pass. But there were hundreds of that Yankee Divi-

sion who were not in the parade. Many lay under the poppies in Flanders Field. Others were in hospitals, some never to mingle again in normal social relations. When I thought how much they gave wholeheartedly for their high ideal, I was sure that none of the rest of us could ever do too much for them or for the high ideals for which America stands.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.



Before we loose the word
That bids new worlds to birth,
Needs must we loosen first the sword
Of Justice upon earth;
Or else all else is vain
Since life on earth began,
And the spent world sinks back again
Hopeless of God and Man.

That neither schools nor priests,
Nor Kings may build again
A people with the heart of beasts
Made wise concerning sea.
Whereby our dead shall sleep
In honor, unbetrayed,
And we in faith and honor keep
That peace for which they paid.

—*From Justice, by Rudyard Kipling.*

October, 1918.



TREASURER'S NOTES

The following facts from a little leaflet of the National Committee of Northern Baptist Laymen will be of special interest to those of us who are not familiar with "the how" of the church apportionment, and the budget.

"Each of the national organizations, toward the end of the fiscal year, draws up a statement of its proposed expenditures for the year following. This statement is developed solely with regard to the work that must be continued. It is known as the regular budget, and includes all salaries, running expenses, supplies, maintenance of schools, chapels, and all other forms of established work.

Beside this general budget, each organization prepares a list of additional objects, which are considered imperative, if the work is to be properly maintained and developed. Opportunities for advance work appear on every hand, but only the most promising find place in the budget.

The budget of each organization thus worked out, is presented to the Finance Committee of the Northern Baptist Convention for approval. The Committee scrutinizes all of these statements of needs and estimated costs, with an eye to any unnecessary expenditures. No, that's wrong; for none are unnecessary; but with an eye to the least immediately compelling of the needs, and such items are ruthlessly eliminated. And this process is repeated until at last the total amounts of all the budgets represents what, in the judgment of the committee, may reasonably be asked and expected from the several sources of income to be mentioned next.

Accompanying its proposed budget, each organization presents to the Finance Committee an estimate of probable income for the forthcoming year. This estimate is made up of the following:

(1) An amount which it is hoped will be realized from legacies, annuities, and income from invested funds.

(2) An amount representing receipts from churches, Sunday schools, missionary societies, and similar organizations.

(This is the amount afterward apportioned to the churches.)

(3) An amount to be secured from special personal gifts.

With the several statements of estimated income before it, the Finance Committee determines whether the total will be sufficient to meet the expenditures in the budgets as revised. The several budgets are then combined. * * * * *

The next step in the process, is for the Finance Committee to send to

the Apportionment Committee the amount indicated under the second source of income: the amount to be apportioned to the churches. The Apportionment Committee forwards to the State Apportionment Committee, while this committee, in turn, distributes this sum for the state among the churches of the state. The success of the plan depends largely upon a loyal acceptance by states and by churches of the amounts apportioned to them."

Referring to Mother's Day gifts, our N. E. Treasurer, Miss Hilda L. Olson, expresses the wish that "the Free Baptists would just have a splendid showing on this," and adds: "Do please impress upon them the importance of an *Individual Gift Budget*." (We haven't realized, have we, that this third source of income, as named above, is just as much relied upon for the fully met provision for the carrying on of our work, as is the church apportionment, with which we are so familiar?)

"Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes; by dozens and hundreds; plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins; but only one Mother in all the world."

"*Mother's Day!* what does that mean to you? Does it mean only a white pink worn for her, or does it link up in your mind some thought of loving service for her, some token of love, some expression of appreciation?

"I am sure every New England woman will want to do something this year of 'big things,' this year of giving and sacrifice, that will cheer a mother's heart, or be worthy of a mother's memory, and so our N. E. District of the W. Am. B. F. M. Society wants this year that every woman pledge herself to give, as an expression of love for the '*One Mother in all the World*,' a golden gift of ten dollars, or if one prefers, One Dollar for Each Year of One's Mother's life.

"This gift need not be paid on Mother's Day, but can be given any time through the year before April 1, 1920. But we do want your pledge that you will give it."

It will be your privilege to specify whether your gift shall be used for evangelical, educational, or medical work.

We are all interested in, and glad for the approval and spirit of cooperation expressed in the following: "The National Committee recommends the adoption by the Northern Baptist Convention of the following, or similar, resolution:

WHEREAS, the European war has resulted in an unprecedented relaxation of moral restraint throughout the world; and

WHEREAS, the situation thus created presents to the Christian Church at once its greatest opportunity and its greatest task; and

WHEREAS, the Church has not been thought of by the world as a spiritual unity, which it is, but rather as a divided body without the necessary qualifications for effective social and spiritual conquest. and

WHEREAS, the Interchurch World Movement of North America has not been organized to provide opportunity for the several Evangelical denominations of North America, their missionary and educational boards and societies, to co-operate in simultaneous promotional and financial campaigns for the development of their several enterprises; and

WHEREAS, the Movement does not seek to promote organic church unity etc.; and

WHEREAS, it is not proposed that the Movement shall undertake the collection or the direction of the collection or the distribution of the funds, etc.; and

WHEREAS, it is believed that larger efficiency with greater economy will result from such co-operation, and also that a greatly increased influence for the church as a spiritual body will be secured; now therefore

BE IT RESOLVED That the North Baptist Convention, assembled in annual session.....expresses its approval of the purpose of the Interchurch World Movement of North America as adopted.....

That the several co-operating and affiliating organizations of the Convention be urged to adjust their plans to those of the Movement, so far as they may be practicable;

That, in order to secure unity of co-operative effort on the part of the denomination, the new General Board of Promotion (if created by the Convention) be the medium through which this co-operation shall be made effective on behalf of the Convention and its co-operating and affiliated organization.

Thus shall we as a denomination enter "the wide open doorway" of a large opportunity.

With joy in the increasing togetherness of service,

Cordially,

EDYTH R. PORTER

46 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.



From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles
Population: nearly 4,900,000

'Veighed in the balance of love, is
our life found wanting.

—G. Sherwood Eddy.

Jesus Christ is going to win in this
campaign. The only question is,
shall you and I be crowned victors
with Him in the final conquest of the
world?—J. Campbell White.

The night lies dark upon the earth,—and we have light;
So many have to grope their way,—and we have sight.
One path is theirs and ours—of sin and care—
But we are borne along, and they their burden bear.
Foot-sore, heart-weary, they upon their way,
Mute in their sorrow, while we kneel and pray.
Glad are they of a stone on which to rest,
While we lie pillowed on the Father's breast.—*Selected.*



AN INDIAN CLASS ROOM

By Grace L. Howard

We go to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, and tell them all the same story. In most places we are eagerly received and asked to return. We have sold quite a number of gospels, but there are not very many of the women who can read. We have regular teaching in three villages where we go once each week.

Come with me to one of these. It is Monday afternoon about four o'clock; the sun is still high and the sandy road is very hot and furthermore is known as the most ill-smelling road in Contai. Tall palm trees are on either side or one of which are resting several disgusting-looking vultures casting their eyes about for fresh prey. On the left we pass the village of municipal sweepers, who are outcasts; but nevertheless we have a weekly class there too. Then a little farther on, we turn to the right and in a few moments we find ourselves in the midst of two very low caste villages huddled close together. The people of these villages act as palanquin bearers, make baskets and cane chairs, bury the dead, sweep and do other menial work that no one but low castes or outcasts will do. Sometimes the people are not expecting us; so they must be called. But to-day they are all ready and waiting, the children sitting on a mat spread on the ground and each with a number of pictures in his grimy little hand. These are the primary lesson cards, which you have sent from home. First the children stand up and placing their hands together and touching their foreheads say "nomaskar," which is a Bengali word meaning the same as "Salaam." Next we sing a song, which they all know and sing lustily though in several different keys. Then we have the stories. Little Sirish tells about John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus; Rakhal tells of Jesus calling his disciples; Nirmal tells of Jesus healing the man sick of the palsy, and repeats the text "Thy sins are forgiven thee." I have taught them to pray, "Lord Jesus, forgive my sins," and remind them to pray

it every day. Then we have some of the Ten Commandments and another song or two and the rest of the stories. I suppose you have not failed to notice the disorder. These children have never had to sit still in their lives, nor to keep from talking and scolding and pushing, so although we try hard we cannot expect to have perfect order all at once. Here at the end is a dear little fellow about four years old with his pictures and he wonders if the "mem Saheb" is going to forget him. Although he can hardly talk plain, he is eager to tell of the holy man (John the Baptist) who ate honey and wild locusts and told people to repent for the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand.

Many of the older women have gathered around and so we speak to them a little before leaving, sometimes showing the large picture charts. They are always interested and want to know when we will come again. It is getting late now so we must hurry home, for I have a little boy Billy a few months old who will be crying for mamma.

We thank you for the many letters of cheer and encouragement we have received from you also for the many prayers we feel you have offered on our behalf. Pray that we may be so able to interpret Christ that many will accept Him.

Our Quiet Hour

Joy does not happen. It is the inevitable result of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a matter of character—*Babcock*.

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

After all, it rests with ourselves whether we shall live in a World Beautiful. It depends little on external scenery, little on those circumstances outside our personal control. Like the kingdom of heaven, it is not a locality, but a condition. It is a spiritual state, and depends on our degree of receptivity to the influence of the Holy Spirit. We have all of us met persons whose very presence is a benediction; who harmonize and tranquilize those about them, and with whom we feel on a higher and

serener plane. The world is distinctively better for those benignant spirits; but such lives are not only to be enjoyed, not only to be recognized and appreciated, but to be lived as well. As the poet has it:

"Be thou the true man thou dost seek!"

If one admires the patience, gentleness, sweetness, and unfailing energy of another; if he finds himself renewed and invigorated and inspired by such contact,—why does he not himself so live that he may bring the same renewal and inspiration to others? The responsibility is on each and all of us to live on the ideal plane; to realize in outward action, in every word and deed, those qualities which we recognize as pertaining to the higher life. For it is these that produce the spiritual. And to live this higher life is to live in happiness, even in holiness. It is the life of peace and love and joy; it is the life of larger sympathies, and, as a result, of larger interests. The more liberal the sympathy, the more is the interest of life extended; and the more extended one's range of interests, the more does one multiply the means and resources of happiness.

Unfailing thoughtfulness of others in all those trifles that make up daily contact in daily life, sweetness of spirit, the exhilaration of gladness and joy, and that exaltation of feeling which is the inevitable result of mental peace and loving thought,—these make up the World Beautiful, in which each one may live as in an atmosphere always attending his presence.

Like the kingdom of heaven, the World Beautiful is within; and it is not only a privilege, but an absolute duty, so to live that we are always in its atmosphere.... Live in the sweet, sunny atmosphere of serenity and light and exaltation,—in that love and loveliness that creates the World Beautiful.

From The World Beautiful by

LILIAN WHITING.

"A true walk with God will do more to awaken awe, wonder and amazement in your soul than would a century of travel through the sights of earth."

"Oh, how great is our need of God!" But how much greater is our God than all our greatest needs."

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Information Means Transformation."

TOPICS FOR 1918-1919

September—	Acquaintance Party
October—	Oriental Housekeepers
November—	Christian Americanization
December—	Oriental Women in Industry
January—	Broadening Horizons
February—	I. Prayer and Praise. II. Christian Literature
March—	Story of the Trail Makers
April—	A Congress of Women
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Training Camps in the Orient
July—	Field Day.

JULY—FIELD DAY.

With the month of July comes the time when we may enjoy our Field Day, and there in the open, in the nearness to God, in the beauty of His world, we may have a most helpful and inspiring meeting.

The meeting may be called with the poem found on the first page of this number of the HELPER. Following that, the leader may read the prayer.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst say to Thy disciples, come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile; grant we beseech Thee, to Thy servants now withdrawn from the World, so to seek Thee whom our souls desire to love, that we may both find Thee and be found of Thee; and grant such love and such wisdom to accompany our meditations that they may be helpful in leading us onward through the toils of our pilgrimage to that rest which remaineth, where, nevertheless, they rest not day nor night from Thy perfect service, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen."

The program should be a variation from the regular monthly meetings, but should be such as to inspire the members with the idea of a worth while vacation, one of joy and happiness, and preparation for service. A brief talk about our text book, in the form of review or emphasis may be given. Mention may also be made of some of the opportunities for study at conferences and schools.

Suggested hymns, appropriate for this occasion, are "Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet" (*Missionary Hymnal*, p. 251,) "Faith of Our Fathers" (p. 51,) and "America the Beautiful" (p. 80.)

Juniors

VIOLET'S FLOWER MISSION

By Nellie Wade Whitcomb

One day Violet ran into the sitting-room with happy news. "O mama, Grandma Hale is budded and Freddy Knowles blossomed this morning!"

Everyone laughed at this, though they knew what she meant.

Violet has always dearly loved flowers. In the summer, her pansy bed delights all who pass the yard. In winter, a part of mama's window-garden is her very own, to keep and care for.

When papa came home from Bangor, he brought Violet a tiny plant which he told her would soon blossom with white primroses. It was so modest and sweet, she named it "Grandma Hale," in honor of a lovely old Quaker lady, or Friend,—as she wished to be called,—who is "Grandma" to the whole town. She always wears a snowy kerchief folded across the breast, and a cap over her beautiful white hair. It did not seem strange that Violet thought her like a white primrose.

Freddy Knowles is a little neighbor who is not strong, and can not romp with the other children. He watches Violet's plants from the window, and is as glad as she when a new blossom appears. His especial joy is the scarlet geranium, that is why she named it for him.

How those primroses and geraniums bloomed!—as though they knew could make people happy. When they were fairly open, Violet cut a bouquet of each, and put them in a box, which she held under her cloak, so they should not "catch cold," she said. Freddy's red geraniums were left at the door, and Grandma Hale's primroses were carried into her own cosy sitting-room.

"Thank thee, dear," said she, "they are pure and sweet, like my own little Violet. Thee will find the porcelain vase in the chimney-closet, and thee will be very careful, I am sure; it belonged to my mother."

Violet always said no one could break anything that belonged to Grandma Hale. Her gentle, "Thee will be very careful, I am sure," was not given in a tone of warning, but in one of absolute faith.

Violet had filled the porcelain vase many times. It was a quaint, little, blue-white affair, with a medallion portrait, in colors, of Queen

Elizabeth, on its face. All the children thought it an honor to be allowed to take it down from the chimney-closet, and touched it reverently, because it was almost a hundred years old.

Violet placed the vase of primroses on the light-stand, near grandma's chair, then she drew a stool close to her feet. Grandma knew that meant a story,—something the children never asked for in vain. To-day it was about a little flower that went on a mission. It was a violet that was so bright and lovely it made a little child merry, an old person feel younger, a sick one better, and an unhappy one glad. Violet herself did not quite understand all it meant, but it made her think. Afterward she tried to tell it to Freddy, who assured her it was not "really a true story"—"though it's *kind of true*," he added.

Spring came at last, and when wild flowers were in bloom, and even her pansies were growing green in the garden, she thought more and more about grandma's story, and the flowers which spoke to unhappy and sick folks, and to the very young and very old. She wished her flowers might make people feel better. She supposed they would have to be violets, for that was what Grandma Hale said. She knew a place down by the river where they were early and large. So, one morning, she filled a shallow dish with roots which held a mass of purple blossoms, and around the brim she laid velvety moss. This would keep fresh several weeks, and was for Miss Eveleth, who was an invalid.

After a cold winter, how she longed for woods and fields and flowers! It almost seemed as though they came to her with Violet's gift, which made eyes and heart glad for many a day.

"Just think, mamma," said Violet, when she got home, "Miss Eveleth made me go in her room to look at pressed flowers from all over the world. There were flowers from the Holy Land; one was a cyclamen, from Bethlehem, and it was just like the one in your window-garden! Then there was a little white flower that grows way up on the Alps, where no other can live; and leaves and blossoms from the oldest live tree in California. I can't remember half of them, but she says I may come again, and she will give me the history of every one!"

This was a rare delight to Violet; but everything did not go smoothly with her flower mission.

One day she heard someone speak of a lady who had recently come to town to live: "She is so unhappy; always borrowing trouble."

"Poor woman," thought Violet, "perhaps it would make her glad to have some flowers to look at." She made a dainty bouquet and carried it to the Blanks' house. No one answered her knock; but the doors were open, and the cat came out and rubbed against her. "I guess I'll go in and leave them on the table," she said, stroking the cat, and thinking what a nice surprise it would be. She had laid down the flowers when Mrs. Blank came in, looking at her suspiciously:—

"What do you want, Sis?"

"I brought you some flowers," said Violet.

"Land sakes, child, I can't have such trash around; besides, 'taint healthy!" and out went flowers through the window. Poor Violet! she literally dashed out of the house. Tears were in her eyes. Was *this* making unhappy folks glad?

Grandma Hale's house was nearer than home, so there she ran, and threw herself down on the little stool at grandma's feet. How gently the kind hand smoothed her hair, while the story was told. "Perhaps thy flowers will fulfill a mission, after all. Thy heart was right. Our Father knows. Will thee tell Him all about it?" Then Grandma bowed her head in silent prayer. All the children knew about Grandma Hale's silent prayer. None of their trials were too small for her to notice in this way, and it meant as much to them as other people's words, because her heart was in it.

So Violet was comforted; and not long ago, when her mamma called upon Mrs. Blank, that lady sent a red apple to "the little girl who brought the flowers," and hoped she did not feel badly because she was cross, it was "her way," when she did not feel well!

Every spring, summer, and winter, Violet's flowers, from wood, garden, or window, brighten many homes and cheer many hearts. Is it not a beautiful mission?

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and Foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the Treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

Receipts for March 1919

MAINE
Newport, High St Church, Bible Class
for support of child in S O \$ 8 00
West Buxton, Mission Circle, sal'y Miss
Coombs 10 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Chocorua, Church, Income for Bengal-
Orissa 5 00
Contoocook, W F M S for Contingent
Fund 6 00
Danville, W M S ½ Bengal-Orissa; ½
Storer College 27 00
New London, Miss M. E. Richardson,
Storer. \$2.00; Bengal-Orissa; \$3.00 5 00

VERMONT
Montpelier, Ellen F, Dorothy M, Gerald,
C Pease, 3 shares in sal'y Miss E E
Barnes 12 00

MASSACHUSETTS
Athol, Mrs. G. F. Dodge for Raimoni in
S O, \$30.00; Barbadoes' work, \$2.00 32 00
Lowell, Paige St Ch, Misses Barker and
Peters for Bengal-Orissa 5 00
Peabody, Friend for sal'y Miss Barnes,
\$1.00; Dr Mary for orphan S O \$5.00 6 00
Worcester, Florence, Edith and Nor-
man Enman for Kusum in S O 16 00
A friend, for "higher education of girls
in Bengal-Orissa" Dr Mary Bacheleer 5 00

NEW YORK
Byron, Miss M E Grant for work of Ben-
gal-Orissa 2 00
Keuka Park Chapportionment; Mrs D C
Bann, \$5.00; Mrs Z F Griffin, \$2.50;
Bryant Griffin, \$10.00; Mrs F Merson,
\$1.50; Mrs Bessie Bryant, \$1.00; Mrs
Minnie Burnap, \$5.00 for Bible
Women 25 00

MAINE
Lisbon Falls, F B W M S, for support of
Miss L C Coombs \$ 8 00
Monmouth Miss Mary K Chase for Sus-
taining Fund, *Helper* 5 00
Pittsfield, Aux, Income Wingate Fund 12 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Pittsfield, Aux dues, ½ Bengal-Orissa;
½ Storer College 4 25

VERMONT
Williamstown, for F B W M S, gift of
Mrs A M Coodrich 1 00

NEW YORK
Port Dickinson, Bapt S S for Priscilla,
S O 5 00

MICHIGAN
Rushton, Mrs Helen R Clark, ½ Bengal-
Orissa; ½ Storer College 1 00

MINNESOTA
Sebeka, Mrs A J Marshall, Phillips fam-
ily pledge for salary of Mrs I M
Holder 8 00

MICHIGAN
Bath, Rose Ch, ½ Bengal-Orissa; ½
Storer 3 00

IOWA
Edgewood, Mrs T B True and Mrs L R
Buckly for Contingent Fund 2 00

MINNESOTA
Winnebago, Mrs F L Durgin, on Ch ap-
portionment and Phillips Family
pledge for sal'y of Mrs Holder 10 00

TEXAS
Texas, Asso. for sal'y of Mrs Holder 25 00

CALIFORNIA
Whittier, Mrs M Sweasy and Mrs N
Warner for support of Phoebe in
S O 25 00

MISCELLANEOUS
Income:
Work of Bengal-Orissa 12 40
Hanson School, Balasore 5 00
Salary Mrs Holder (Phillips Fund) 33 48
Minnika in S O (Paige Mem'l) 12 00
Storer 14 00
\$310 60

SPECIALS
MAINE, Ocean Park, Toilers by-the-Sea
by M Q Davis for Dr Bacheleer, \$10.00;
Mrs L C Coombs, \$10.00 for S O, to
make up any deficiency; postage \$1.00 21 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE, New Hampton aux
for Dr Bacheleer's use in S O, Bal-
asore 10 00

March 1919 total **\$341 60**

EDYTH R. PORTER, *Treasurer*
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Receipts for April, 1919

MAINE
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VERMONT
Williamstown, for F B W M S, gift of
Mrs A M Coodrich 1 00

NEW YORK
Port Dickinson, Bapt S S for Priscilla,
S O 5 00

MICHIGAN
Rushton, Mrs Helen R Clark, ½ Bengal-
Orissa; ½ Storer College 1 00

MINNESOTA
Sebeka, Mrs A J Marshall, Phillips fam-
ily pledge for salary of Mrs I M
Holder 8 00

IOWA
Lamont, Mrs Frances Rhines for Bengal-
Orissa 2 00

NORTH CAROLINA
Tusket, Mrs A K Blanvel for Margaret
in S O 25 00

MISCELLANEOUS
Income:
Edwin and Susan J R Babb Fund for
work Balasore 5 72
Betsy French Dyer Mem'l Fund for
child S O 7 80
Hanson Fund for school Balasore 2 85
Parker Fund for child S O 30 00
Phillips Fund for salary Mrs Holder 25 00
Mother Hills Fund for Widows'
Home, Balasore 10 00

Total, April, 1919 **\$143 35**

Special:
Nebraska, Geneva, Mrs A H Staples
for work Dr Mary Bacheleer 5 00
California, Escondido, Mr and Mrs
H Hyde, for work Dr M Bacheleer 5 00

Total April 1919 **\$153.32**

EDYTH R. PORTER, *Treasurer*
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

